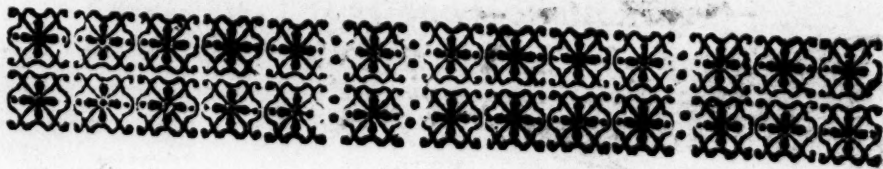


THE  
**Tavern Scuffle:**

OR,

**The CLUB in an UPROAR.**



Tuesday, Jan. 18. 1726.

Ordered, That the Thanks of this Club be returned to Mr. *Slyboots* for his excellent Narrative *Memoriter* (and to the best of our Remembrance *verbatim*) of the Conversation and Dispute which happen'd the last Club-Night : And he is hereby desired to print the same.

Oliver Humdrum alias *W* — Chairman.

Benj. Bolus, alias *G* —

Daniel Swell-guts, alias *B* —

Jeffery Scorch-guts, alias *K* —

Toby Funk, alias *N* —

Peter Dash, alias *H* —

*P* — *R* —

*H* — *H* —



T H E  
TAVERN SCUFFLE:  
OR, THE  
CLUB in an UPROAR;  
Occasion'd by a hot DISPUTE,  
BETWEEN  
Mr. SWELL-GUT, a Brewer,  
AND  
Mr. SCORCH-GUT, a Distiller,  
CONCERNING  
G E N E V A,

The Reigning LIQUOR now in Vogue  
among the common P E O P L E.

Plainly shewing the ill Effects arising from the Use of  
that LIQUOR, both in Respect to the Body of Man  
in Particular, and the publick Welfare in General.

With the comical Observations and Opinions of  
*Toby Funk* the Tobacconist, *Peter Daff* the Vintner,  
*Benjamin Bolus* the Apothecary, Moderator; and  
*Mr. Oliver Hum-Drum*, Chairman.

The whole Dispute committed to Writing, with all  
imaginable Justice, and submitted to the Judgment  
of the Publick.

---

By SAYNOUGHT SLYBOOTS, *Secretary.*

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When civil DUDGEON first grew high,  
And Men tell out they knew not why;  
Then hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,  
Set Fools together by the Ears;  
And made 'em Fight like Mad or Drunk,  
For Dame GENEVA, as for Punk,

*Hudibras.*

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London: Printed and Sold by *T. Warner*, in *Pater-*  
*Noster-Row*, 1766. Price 6d.

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T H E  
TAVERN SCUTELLE:

OR THE  
CLUB in an UPROR;  
Occasion'd by a hot Dispute,

BETWEEN  
Mr. SWEET-GUT, a Braggart,  
AND

Mr. SCORCH-GUT, a Drunkard;  
CONCERNING

GENEVA.

The Reigning LIQUOR, now in Vogue  
Among the common PEOPLE.  
Justly showing the ill Effects from the Use of  
the LIQUOR, both in its Effects on the Body of Man  
in Particular, and the publick Welfare in General.  
With the comical Observations and Opinions of  
Toby Flaug, the Londoner; Peter Dido, the  
Benjamin; and the Apollonian, Moderator; and  
Mr. Oliver, the Dram, Chairman.  
The whole Diligently corrected to Writing, with all  
imaginable Follies, and submitted to the Judgment  
of the Publick.

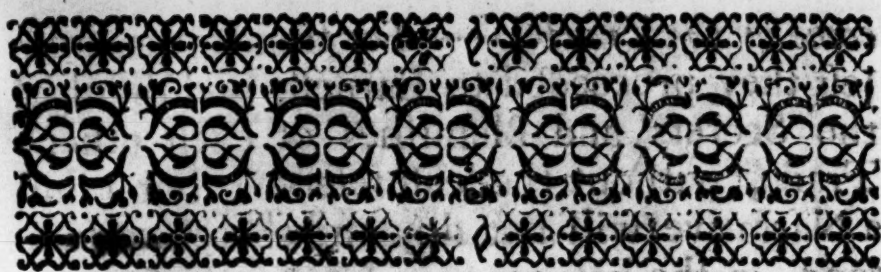
BY SAYNOUGHT SILFOOTS, Secretary.

Whom I have seen grow high  
And then fall out like a new wine;  
I have heard Words, A hundred and twenty  
But I never heard any more;  
And still I am like the old of Drink,  
For I have drunk a great deal, as for Drink.

Printed and sold by T. Wharm, in Town.  
1712.







## INTRODUCTION.

**M**R. *Hum-Drum*, our Chairman being seated in a great Armed-Chair, with a Foot-Stool at the head of the Table, began to review the Order of the same; and finding that the Drawer had plac'd the silver Monteith hung round with Glasses, and a Pyramid of Pipes at each Corner, with Plates of Tobacco of several sorts in ample Form, he then began to call over the List, and Mulct the absent Members; when among other Names, he called for Mr. *Scorch-Gut* the Distiller, who answering to his Name, Mr. *Swell-Gut* the Brewer, said, That he was *Scorch-Gut* by Name, and *Scorch-Gut* by Nature; for that his damn'd *Devils Piss*, burnt out the Entrails of three fourths of the King's Subjects; upon which Wars and Rumours of Wars ensued; and they attacked each other with all imaginable Fury, to the no small Diversion of the rest of the Club, who could not but call to mind the old Proverb, *viz. When Whores and Rogues fall out, honest Men come*

## INTRODUCTION.

*come by the Truth* : ---- For thus it was, from Jest they proceeded to Earnest, and divulg'd the Secrets and Blemishes of each other's Trade, without the least reserve ; but I find a Narrative will not do, and therefore I intend, in the best manner I can, to give my Reader the truest Idea of the Scuffle, by writing it Dialogue-wise, and inserting, as near as possible, every Man's Speech in its proper Place ; expect not therefore, gentle Reader, great Flourishes and elaborate Figures of Rhetorick ; content thy self with the conversation of Tradesmen, written by a Tradesman ; let those therefore, who look for fine turns of Wit, throw the Book away at once, for they shall find nothing here but home-spun Language and matters of Fact ; but for those who can digest a Scene of Low-Life, painted in the most natural Colours, this plain simple Scene, may, I hope, afford Diversion ; and therefore I proceed, at once, to my DIALOGUE.

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A  
**DIALOGUE,**  
 BETWEEN

*Mr. SWELL-GUT, a Brewer,*  
 AND  
*Mr. SCORCH-GUT, a Distiller, &c.*

*Scorch.* **W**H Y, Sir, if I am *Scorch-gut* by Name and Nature, I am sure you are *Swell-gut* in every Sense; for that Name not only represents your overgrown Carcass, but your damn'd *Hogwash*, which makes Barrels of Mens Guts, and blows 'em up like a Bladder.

*Swell.* A Bladder is better blown than parch't; your *Strikefire* shrivels up the inside of a Man, and crumbles it to Ashes, whereas our Malt-Liquors make us jolly Fellows, and  
 ex-



extends our Interiours to a comely Dimension.

*Scorch.* Mighty comely indeed! see what a paunch-gutted Swash it has made your Worship so, you can scarcely Breathe; your Belly is so big.

*Swell.* Look at Home, Mr. ~~Shotten~~-Herring, you have been married these fourteen Years and have made nothing of it, whereas I have had six Children in seven Years.

*Scorch.* That's a Sign you live by good Neighbours.

*Swell.* So do you; for as I take it, we are in the same Neighbourhood; your Wife is a pretty Woman, and as likely to prove a good Breeder as any Woman in the Parish, had she but as brisk a Mate; indeed I am afraid the Fault lies at your Door, you have drank too much of your own flaming Compositions, and dry'd up your radical Moisture too much ever to be good for any thing.

*Scorch.* I can tell you, Sir, I drink as few Drams as any Man in *England*, I neither scorch nor blow up my self; good Wine is my delight, I leave the common People to drink *Beer* and *Geneva*.

*Swell.* Wisely consider'd, that is to say; you know the ill Effects of your *South-Sea* Mountain, and therefore choose better Liquors for your own drinking; but are not you

you accessory to the Deaths of those who are destroy'd by that hellish Liquor, when you your self know its poisonous Composition, and pernicious Consequences.

~~Scorab.~~ ~~They may be good~~ in Moderation, which in Excess is most destructive; a Dram is very wholesome and comfortable in a cold Morning, or upon a full Stomach to create Digestion; if Distillations are pernicious, why do the Apothecaries use such large Quantities? There sits the Doctor, who has had almost forty Pounds worth of Spirits from me this Year.

*Swell.* That may be, but then he qualifies them with other Mixtures; for, if he speaks his Mind freely, he cannot but say *Drams* are very destructive to any *Constitution*.

*Bolus.* We use Spirits indeed, but never uncorrected; they are of various Use in *Medicine*; but I cannot think the using them as a common Draught, can be so *Salubrious*.

*Swell.* Pray, Mr. *Salubrious*, with your hard Names at your A--se, What are your *Cordials*, your *Fuleps*, and other fine Physical *Nick-Nacks*, but *Distillations*?

*Bolus.* They are no more than *Simple Waters*, mere *Vehicles* to convey more essential *Medicines* to the *Body*, and to incorporate with things less *Palatable*.



*Swell.* Look ye there ! look ye there ! Sir, Did not I tell you your *Draughts* do but burn the *Guts* out ?

*Scorch.* And your *Liquors* burst 'em ; so, Where's the Difference ? But if *Spirits* are used in *Medicine*, and *Malt-Liquors* are not, Pray which ought to have the Preference ? And now *Doctor*, tell me sincerely, Had you ever *Malt-Liquors* mention'd in any of your *Recipes* ?

*Balus.* I can't say that I have.

*Scorch.* Why look you there again, Sir ! Pray which is wholsomest now ?

*Swell.* What say you *Doctor* ?

*Balus.* Nay, *Gentlemen*, Do not let me enter into your Disputes ; Fight it out among your selves, it is no *Bread and Butter* of mine.

*Dash.* Come, *Gentlemen*, Drink about ; here's that will never hurt you. Pure Neat *Port*, without Adulteration.

*Funk.* That's as you say, but I fear we shall feel the ill Effects of your Conjurations, (to Morrow) I fancy you are like *Tom Dunsfey's Virtue*.

*He kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he had brew'd,  
And lastly he poison'd himself.*

*Dash.* So, Mr. *Funk*, you'r always for blowing me up ; but if this *Wine* makes you Sick, I'll lie a Bed for you.

*Funk.* I should be loth to Trust to that.

*Dash.* Well, *Gentlemen*, I defy any Man  
in



in *England* to produce a *Glass* of better *Wine*; this is better than *Geneva*, or *Beer* and *Beer* either; for no disparage to my Masters, I shall never Drink either, while there is good *Wine* to be had; and I fancy they are both of my Opinion, or I should hardly have so much of their Money and good Company.

*Swell*. Not too fast, good Mr. *Dish*! I'll assure you, were it not for the good Company I meet here, I should hardly come here for the sake of the *Wine* only; for my own part, I'd as live drink a Cup of good *Malt-Liquor*, as the best *Wine* under the Sun.

*Scorch*. You do well not to cry *stinking Fish*; but I can hardly believe you. I fancy you have a better Taste: *Beer* and *Beer*, quotha! why, 'tis fit for your *Draymen*, you should aim at something more Elegant.

*Swell*. There is nothing more Wholesome, and as for Elegance, I don't pretend to it, when I drink *Malt-Liquor*, I know what I drink; when I drink *Drams*, or *Wine*, I do not.

*Scorch*. I do not Understand you, Sir.

*Swell*. Sir, I say that when I drink a Cup of *Beer*, or *Ale*, of my own Brewing, I know the Ingredients, and Innocence of the Composition, and therefore drink with Safety and Pleasure; but when I drink *Wine*, I know not what Mixtures and Adulterations it has pass'd thro', what Tricks has been play'd with it by *Coopers*, and *Vintners*, nay more,

how it has been Sophisticated abroad; for it seems of late, they have learn'd the Art of doctoring their own Wines, so that we may have it imported here, yet adulterated there; in that Case Men know not what they Drink: As for Distillations, your Chymical *Hocus Pocus* is best known to your selves, no Body else can tell what Drugs, what Dregs, what Stuff you make use of in your Compositions; this I know, that they spoil the Constitutions of the lower *Class* of *People*, and intoxicate 'em so far, they do not half the Work they us'd to do, this damn'd *Geneva* stupifies 'em, and makes 'em unfit for Business, and at the same time fills 'em with all manner of Diseases, and throws them on the Parish, so that our Poor, instead of being helpful, are burdensome, they grow mad, audacious, and insolent, and at the same Time, thoughtless, lazy, and indolent: Now to those who know of what Use a lower *Class* of *People* is, in a Body Politick, it will easily appear what Inconveniencies must accrue from so general a Corruption, they do but half the Business; therefore, consequently they are but as half so many People; what us'd to go for Food and Raiment, now is merrily squander'd away in *Geneva*, their Stomachs are spoiled, and they can't Eat, this makes them feeble, and unactive, and in Process of Time, their Stomachs are so cold, that *Geneva* it self is hardly hot enough for 'em; these are the

Evils



**Evils of Geneva:** Whereas good *Malt-Liquor* is nourishing and strengthening, it is *Balsamick* to the *Bowels*, and gently laxative, it stirs to Action and Industry; a Gallon of *Malt-Liquor* will not stupifie so much as half a Pint of *Geneva*; and for the *Lungs* and *Bowels*, there is nothing better than good *Mild Beer*, or *Ale*; it enervates and affords a suitable Nourishment, insomuch that those working Men, who drink *Malt-Liquors*, not only do more Work than *Geneva* Drinkers, but beget more, and healthier Children; and if the Riches of a Kingdom are its People, we are manifestly impoverish'd in that respect by *Geneva-drinkers*; for there sits the *Doctor* can tell you as well as me, that excessive drinking *Geneva*, debilitates the whole humane Fabrick, and dries up the radical Moisture, to that degree, that a Man's Life is shortned by one half thro' the Use of it.

*Bolus.* Pray, Sir, don't appeal to me. you have your own *ipse dixit*, for what you advance. Appeal to me! why Man, you talk like an Oracle your self; I never knew any Man come so near Doctor *Walter*, of famous Memory; you want nothing but a spotted Horse, and a Devil of a Trumpeter, to be the very same; should you go thus Equipt to any of our Markets, the old Basket-Women would cut Capers, and cry, *Here's the spotted Doctor come to Life again*; for, you must know, he ow'd his Fame more  
to



to his Horses Spots, than his own Merits ; but then to hear you declaim against *Geneva*, would make the old Women sigh again, and cry he's a rare Man, no doubt but your Eloquence would have such an Effect, that they would forswear *Geneva*, and return to warm *Ale* or *Salop*:

*Scorch*. I believe rather they would pull him from off his Horse, and scratch his Eyes out, for daring to speak against their favourite *Bob* ; no, no, the Basket Women are not to be fobb'd off ; so, they feel the Benefits of *Titterum*, it warms their old Hearts, and makes 'em Young again ; it renovates, and gives 'em new Vitals ; it is Meat, Drink, and Cloth ; they are neither Cold or Hungry, while they can command a Cogue of *Gin*. My Neighbour *Swell Gut*, begging his Pardon, launches out too far, when he inveighs against the Noble Art of *Distillation* ; which is but another Name for *Chymistry* ! dare he pretend to compare his nasty, gross, fulsome, parboil'd Firkins of foul Stuff, to our noble, clear, generous Spirits, which are seperated from all earthly Dross, and subsist only of the most Pure and Volatile Particles ? can any Thing be more clear, more transparent, than Cordial-Waters, justly called so from their wondrous Efficacy, in reviving the Heart, and raising the drooping Spirits ? Whereas, on the contrary, *Malt-Liquors* are full of heavy, and gross Particles, always fermenting,

menting, and foul, according to the Saying of the Poet,

*Men drink it thick, and piss it wond'rous thin,  
What store of Dregs must needs remain within!*

may so far is *Ale* from being wholesome, that it clogs up the Vessels, and furs the inside of a Man like a Chamber-Pot; the *Stone* and *Gravel*, are sooner engender'd by *Malt-Liquors*, than any Drink whatever; *Stranguries*, and all Obstructions of *Urine* proceed from the too frequent use of them: Whereas *Geneva* is a great *Diuretick*, which drank warm, will give present Relief in *Fits* of the *Stone* and *Gravel*: If *Geneva* spoils the Stomach, *Ale* does much more so, which lies clogging and swagging, and at last will give a loathing to all Food whatever? The Fat which is procured by drinking of *Ale*, is never wholesome, it is nothing but a blowing up of the *Flesh* like a Bladder; those *Ale-drinkers* who are Fat, are unweildy, purisy Wretches, always puffing and blowing; you seldom see fat *Ale-wives*, or their blunder-headed *Cuckolds*, live half their Days; their *Flesh* is bloated, their Eyes stare out of their Heads, and yet they are always half a sleep; their thick muddy stuff, clogs up their Understandings, and makes 'em little better than moving Dung-hills; whereas a Dram makes a Man brisk, lively, and active, nay, the *Malt-Worms* themselves



selves, are forc'd to go to the *Dram Bottle*, every now and then, to settle their over-gorg'd Stomachs, or they would burst with their own *Guzzle*, which they swallow till it kecks in their Throats again; it is certain therefore, that a *Dram* in *Moderation* helps *Digestion*, provokes *Urine*, revives the *Spirits* and creates an *Appetite*: As to its *immoderate Use*, I have nothing to do with it; the best Things may be abused, and so may *Geneva*.

*Dasb.* Well said, Master *Scorch-Guts*, adod you have paid him off in *Vino Veritas*; Wine carries the Day at last, long live the Grape! Sir, my humble service to you; well, what say you now Doctor?

*Bolus.* I don't know which Cock's Head to lay upon, they both play a bold Stroke, and are Mettle to the Back-bone; let 'em Fight it out, for I shall lay on neither side; I am only an humble Auditor, only I think the Gentlemen ought to Breathe a little, let 'em take a refreshing Glass, and at it again; for I love Disputes mightily, especially, when I am out of the Question.

*Hum.* Come Gentlemen, don't preach over your Liquor, here Drawer, bring two Bottles of Red, and one of White; empty that Looking-Glass, and order me a Toast and Butter, with poach'd Eggs, d'ye hear?

*Drawer.* Yes, Sir.

*Scorch.*



*Scorch.* Here Mr. *Swell-Gutt*, my Service to you, I never beat a Man, but I drink to him.

*Swell.* Your Servant, Sir, I see you are wise enough in your own Conceit; but if I mistake not, I have the better of the Argument; I'll leave it to Reference.

*Funk.* Nay, we'll be no *Referrees*, fight it out, *you are both Cocks o'the Game.*

*Swell.* But, *Gentlemen*, I'll appeal to any Man of Sense, if I have not fairly proved his damn'd intoxicating Liquor utterly destructive to *humane Constitutions*; and, at the same time, that *Malt-Liquors* are wholesome and nourishing; besides, if you come to that, our Trade is a much nobler Branch of the Revenue, we pay more Thousands to the King than they do Pounds, *Beer is Beer*, and *Ale is Ale*, the Officer Gauges all our Vessels, and there is no Fraud; we do not swear *French Brandy* to be *English Spirit*, to defraud the Government of their Excise.

*Swell.* Why, Who does, Mr. *Hogs-Puddings*? we pay as much to the Government, as you do, and cheat as little; I don't know what you mean by your flings.

*Swell.* That will be easily known; the income from *Brewhouses* is lessened, since your *Brandy* and *Geneva Warehouses* are trump'd up in every corner of the Town; but whether you make up the Difference, by a suitable Equivalent, is left to Judgment:

In short, Mr. *Scorch-gutt*, the Government will take notice of you in a little time, depend upon it; here is not near the Consumption of *Malt-Liquor*, as formerly; every idle pragmatical *Ale-Draper* shall turn *Brewer*, forsooth, sell *Home-brew'd Ale*, and pick up Estates, while the fair Dealers, the common Brewers are Sufferers; this will be look'd into, I give you my Word for it; is it not a shame, that a Man shall serve an Apprenticeship, and be set up at a vast Expence; when at the same time, any indifferent Person shall turn *Brewer* and *Ale-Draper* at the same time? But some of 'em have been made to *smart* for it lately; and have been forc'd to enter themselves as common *Brewers*, or knock off, and reason good; for they had got Drays, and Horses, and Out-Customers, both for Small and Strong Beer and Ale.

Thus the King is cheated of his Duty, and the Subjects of their Healths, by these quack *Brewers*, who are as pernicious as the *Distillers* to the full; for they make their Drink heady with *Pith* of *Broom*, *Lime*, and many other nasty *Ingredients*; and as for *Hops* they use little or none; they do all among themselves, and have not so many Eyes upon them as great *Brewers*; and it may be easily suspected, that they go their own Game, make what they will, and swear to what they please; whereas in a *Brewhouse* of any Note, no such thing is to be done, so many  
Officers

Officers visit us, and that so often, they know every Step we take, and are sure to gauge to the full: I therefore heartily wish, not only for my own Good, but for the Good of the *Publick*, that all these petty *Brewhouses* were suppressed, and the fair Trader encouraged.

*Scorch.* If you have done, Sir, I would fain ask you what this *Rhapsody* is to the Purpose, unless it be to tell us, *you are run a Ground, and cannot keep to your Argument*; What have we to do with petty *Brewers*, and a long Story of a *Cock and a Bull*? I thought we had been contending which was the most wholesome and beneficial, *Malt-Liquor*, or *Geneva*.

*Swell.* Sir, what I speak was but by way of *Digression*; I was returning to my Argument, if you had not interrupted me; if you please to give me a hearing, I doubt not to make good my *Argument*; but, if you take me up before I am down, you won't give me leave to speak.

*Scorch.* I beg your Pardon, Sir, If you have any thing to offer, why *Judgment* should not pass against you, speak quickly, or for ever after hold your *Tongue*?

*Swell.* I fear I shall pass *Sentence* upon you presently, therefore do not play the *Judge* too soon; for all your *Witicisms* shall not beat me out of my *Argument*; I say it and maintain it, that the common People are much impaired in Health and Substance by the



Use of that Destructive Liquor *Geneva*, which daily gets more Ground, for when they have once got a Haunt of it, they cannot so easily break it off.

*Scorch.* That's a Sign they like it by the By.

*Swell.* You show your Breeding by your Interruption; but, I say, this *Pernicious Liquor*, prevailing on the common *People*, they die like *Rotten Sheep*; and every Weekly Bill gives you fresh Instances of Persons sent out of the World by this *Murthering Liquor*: Go along the Streets, and you shall see every *Brandy Shop* swarming with scandalous *Wretches*, swearing and drinking as if they had no Notion of a future *State*; there they get Drunk by *Day-Light*, and after that run up and down the Streets swearing, cursing, and talking *Beastliness* like so many *Devils*; setting ill *Examples*, and debauching our *Youth* in general: Nay, to such a height are they arrived in their *Wickedness*, that in a manner, they commit *Lewdness* in the open *Streets*; young *Creatures*, Girls of 12 and 13 Years of Age, drink *Geneva* like *Fishes*, and make themselves unfit to live in sober *Families*; this damn'd bewitched *Liquor* makes them *Shameless*, and they talk enough to make a Man shudder again; there is no passing the *Streets* for 'em, so shameless are they grown; they will attack a Man in broad *Day-Light*, and in the Face of the whole World;

World ; this fills our *common Fellows* with *lewd Notions*, and *filthy Diseases* ; and to maintain these *Trulls*, some *Rascals* starve their *Families*, others go a *Thieving*, and stick at no *Wickedness* to go on in their riotous way of Life ; and in short, if there is not a stop put to it, our Land will be worse than *Sodom* and *Gommorrah*. New Oaths are coin'd every Day ; and little Children Swear before they can well Speak ; nay, Market-Women, Fish-Women and Others, who are Mothers of Children, and set up for some Honesty, make no scruple of swearing like Troopers ; and triumph when they have put a sober Person out of Countenance ; and to their Shame, be it spoken, make Beasts of themselves, and set ill Examples to their Children. *Geneva* is now grown so general a *Liquor*, that there is not an *Ale-house* without it ; and most *Publick-Houses* have a greater call for this cursed *Liquor*, than *Beer* or *Ale* ; nay, it has prevail'd all over the Country ; and not a Hovel, or petty *Ale-house*, but can furnish you with a Dram of *Gin* ; and to shew that it has the same Effects wherever it spreads its Influence, the Country *Fellows* imbibe all the *Vices Latent* in that *Pandora's Box*, and grow the veriest *Rakehells* under the *Sun* ; they equal, if not out-do the *Londonners* ; and from sober, religious, bashful, innocent *Fellows*, they are grown ranting, roaring, swearing, whoring *Reprobates*.

*Scorch.*

*Scorch.* Hey day, Sir ! Will you never have done ? will you give no Body leave to hedge in a Word with you ? you are grown plaguy *Religious* all of a sudden ; it is not long since you had a pretty *Girl* in your *Hop-loft*, and now you stand up for *Reformation*.

*Swell.* That's better than taking a *Girls Petticoat* in Pawn for *Geneva* ; and giving it her again for a little you know what.

*Scorch.* Our *Geneva* cleanses 'em, and makes 'em P--s clear ; whereas your foggy *Hogwash* makes them be--t themselves.

*Swell.* Your nasty vulgar *Snapdragon* may make People P--s with a vengeance, when you put so much *Turpentine* in it, that it forces Nature beyond her *Limits* ; and is so strong a *Diaretic*, that it weakens the *Seminal Vessels* ; and not only *incapacitates* those *Members* for *Generation*, but too frequently occasions a *Diabetes*, and other *Weaknesses*.

*Scorch.* How can you call it *Vulgar*, when the best of *Quality* drink it ?

*Swell.* Drams I grant you, but not *Geneva* ; and now you have put it into my *Head*, I say, that *Dram-drinking* does an infinite deal of *Mischief* among the *Women* ; to what an Excess are they arrived, gentle and simple all drink *Drams* ; and wherever the *Tea-Kettle* is, there must the *Dram-Bottle* be ; one succeeds the other as naturally, as the Night does the Day ; when a *Woman* once takes to *Drinking*, I give her over for lost, she



she then neglects *Husband, Children, Family*, and all for her darling *Liquor*; and this is the *Case* but in too many *Families*; the *Mother* teaches the *Daughter*, the *Maid* follows the *Mistress*, the *Prentice* learns of the *Maid*, and so the *Game* goes round: many *Families* are impoverish'd by *Womens* drinking *Brandy, Geneva, and other Strong-Waters*; and if our *Youth* once get into it, as they are going the ready way, adieu to *Health, Strength, and sound Constitutions* for ever.

Scorch. You do well to cry out *Whore* first; Is any thing more *Vulgar* than *Beer* and *Beer*? very properly called *Porter*, because none but *Porters, Carmen, and such Creatures* drink it: And when a *Gentleman* descends below himself, and debases himself to drinking *Malt-Liquor*, he calls it *Porter*.

Swell. It is ne'er the worse for that; but How many *Gentlemen, nay Noblemen*, brew their own *Liquors*, and take *Pride* to *Vie* with each other whose *Ale* or *Beer* shall be best and finest? *Malt-Liquor* is the *Pride* of our *Country Gentlemen*; it keeps our *Fox-Hunters* in *Health*, and makes 'em outlive whole *Generations* of *Geneva Drinkers*.

Scorch. Yes, witness the *Wise Men* of *Chester*, who mended their *Drink* with *Cochlicus Indicus*; and had not *Care* been taken to prevent such vile *Practices*, they had poisoned the whole *Country* by this time.

Swell.

*Swell.* Go, go, ferment your false Backs with a little *Scamony* or *Falap*, and work your double *Pump*, before the *Officer* comes.

*Scorch.* Do you mind your *Blue*, empty your *Chamberpots*, and don't forget a little *Winter's Bark*? and d'ye hear, put a *Guinea* under the *Candlestick*.

*Funk.* We shall have all the Murder out by and by.

*Swell.* Tho' you are as slanderous as any Man breathing; yet, I thank God, your *Tongue* is no Scandal, my *Actions* are above *Reproach*; I defy you, or any Man, to lay any thing unjustifiable to my Charge; but it's like your *Irish Assurance*.

*Bolus.* Nay, Gentlemen, let's have no National, or Personal Reflections; don't Banter in Jest, 'till you quarrel in Earnest.

*Hum.* Mr. *Funk*, your Tobacco is not so good as it used to be.

*Funk.* I can't brag much of this; but I have charming Stuff a coming, all a Nosegay, all Flavour.

*Bolus.* Mr. *Chairman*, these Gentlemen will certainly proceed to high Words; I therefore humbly move that they drop the Argument, and submit to the decision of such Person you shall think fit to chuse *Moderator*.

*Hum.* Do you sum up the Evidence, Mr. *Bolus*, and let the Drawer bring clean Glasses? but, let me see, Gentlemen, here is but a  
Shilling

Shilling to come in, and all the Wine is out; are you willing to whip your *Sixpences* round?

*Omnes.* Ay, ay, with all our Hearts!

*Hum.* Here Drawer,

*Drawer.* Sir, D'ye call?

*Hum.* Take a Plate, and gather Six Pence a piece round, and let every Gentleman pay for his Eating; there's for my Toast.

☞ The Drawer having gathered the Six-Pences, brought 'em very respectfully to the *Chairman*, who pondered for some time with a very thoughtful Countenance, and then proceeded to give Orders.

*Hum.* Here, Drawer, bring up two Bottles of *Red*, and one of *White*, and let's have clean Glasses, d'ye hear?

*Drawer.* Yes, Sir.

[Exit]

*Funk.* I think Mr. *Bolus*, Mr. Chairman appointed you Moderator in this Affair.

*Bolus.* He does me too much Honour; but what o'that, Sir?

*Funk.* No Offence, I hope, Sir; I only want to hear your Worship's Opinion.

*Bolus.* Indeed, my Worship intends to drink first, with Mr. Chairman's Leave.

*Hum.* Ay, by all Means; where the Devil is this Drawer?

[Rings.]

*Drawer.* Gentlemen, d'ye call?

*Hum.* Call, you Blockhead, where's the Wine?

D

Drawer



*Drawer.* Sir, My Master's coming up with it himself.

*Dash.* Please to score three Bottles, Mr. *Chairman*, and here's my Bottle.

*Hum.* Why, that's welcome, come Mr. *Bolus*, proceed.

*Bolus.* Sir, I wish you would excuse me; here are other Gentlemen, much more capable.

*Omnes.* No, no, a *Bolus*! a *Bolus*!

*Bolus.* Well, Gentlemen; if I must give my Opinion, give me leave to drink your Healths.

*Funk.* D'ye do it from your Heart?

*Bolus.* Why, d'ye doubt it?

*Funk.* Because no Man would drink to his own Destruction; What can you get by our Healths?

*Bolus.* There is a good and bad State of Health; How d'ye know which I toasted? you Complement me before I deserve it.

*Hum.* But, Mr. *Bolus*, this is nothing to the purpose; either obey the *Chair*, or take the *Chair*.

*Bolus.* Well, Gentlemen, if I must give you my *Opinion* in this weighty *Debate*; I declare, that both the *Gentlemen* are to blame. *First*, In straining their *Argument* too much. *Secondly*, In growing too warm; and (if I may be indulg'd in the Word) abusive; breaking into the Mirth of the Company, with most admir'd Disorder, as *Shakespear* has it; in-

insomuch, that nothing but Bloodshed could be expected from these two mighty *Combattants*. The Aggressor was Mr. *Swell-gut*, who began with a severe Reflection on Mr. *Scorch-gut* and his Profession; who therefore is indulg'd in his *Reply*, because it was, *Se Defendendo*.

*Funk*. Don't talk like an *Apothecary*, speak *English*.

*Bolus*. Nay, I speak more like a *Lawyer*, than an *Apothecary*; for I never heard of any *Medicine*, called, *Se Defendendo*.

*Hum*. Pray, Mr. *Funk*, forbear. Proceed, Mr. *Bolus*.

*Bolus*. These *Interruptions*, Mr. *Chairman*, beat me out of *Argument*, and break of the Thread of my *Discourse*: I therefore throw my self under your Protection; and beg leave to Address my self to you; and then, surely no Man will dare to Interrupt me.

Most Sage and Cogitabund,  
**W**E were for a while *diverted* with a *Try-  
 al of Skill*, between these two *Cham-  
 pions*, while they play'd at *Blunts*, and did  
 not shock our *Senses* with *ghastly Wounds*; but only return'd *Raillery* for *Raillery*, *Irony* for *Irony*; or, as *Bayes* has it, *Hit* for *Hit*, and *Dash* for *Dash*; but when they grew hot in the Combat, and laid each other open to that inhuman Degree, it was fit your *Au-  
 D 2* *thority*.

*thority* should interpose, to prevent worse *Consequences*.

It is true, they said many Things worthy of Observation ; but they spake too much, and too fast to speak well ; they observed not the *Rules of Disputation*, and talked entirely out of *Mood* and *Figure* ; not, but they amassed all the *Arguments* they could heap together ; but so *immethodically*, I know not where to begin, or how to digest 'em.

Mr. *Swell-gut*, that his own Trade might appear the more considerable, made *Geneva* the handle of his Dispute ; but his bent lay against *Distillers*, and *Distillations* in general. He is against all *Distillations* whatever ; and is at once for subverting a noble *Art*, the next Allied to *Chymistry* of great Use in *Medicine*, of great Benefit to *Trade*, and a great Branch of the Revenue. The *Distillers* are too considerable a Body of Men to be easily overthrown ; his Words therefore, in that respect, are but as the Wind which passeth away, and is no more ----- ; but then he objects, and with some Justice, that the common People are much debauch'd by excessive drinking *Geneva* ; this may be true ; nay, it is true ; but the Fault lies not at the *Distiller's* Door, but in the People, who make that Liquor their *Option*. It is easy to be imagined that any Body of Men will promote the consumption of the Commodity they vend ; the *Distillers* have been very industrious and fortunate in  
that



that Particular ; and the common People run so much into the *Use of Geneva*, that they seem to work only for the *Distillers* ; this makes the *Brewers* jealous, they find they do not vend so much *Malt-Liquors* as formerly ; their Trade begins to droop, and they think it high-time to look about 'em.

For some *Constitutions*, and in some *Cases*, a Dram of good *Brandy*, or *Cordial-Water*, is convenient enough ; but then it must be taken very sparingly and seldom, and then of the very best ; but as for *Geneva*, I think it may very well be spared. Were I to chuse, I should prefer good *Brandy*, *Arrack*, or *Rum*, or a mixture of all three, qualified with *Sevil-Oranges*, *Spring-Water* and *Sugar* ; if it is drank warm, it is not the worse ; but I am not for repeating the Dose, good *Wine* is my *Cordial*.

*Dash*. Well said, Master *Bolus*.

*Hum*. Mr. *Dash*, I fine you a Bottle for that. Pray Mr. *Bolus* go on.

*Bolus*. But that *Malt Spirits* should be drank in such *Quantities*, I cannot allow ; they destroy the best of *Constitutions*, hurt the *Sight*, impair the *Nerves*, spoil the *Appetite* ; and in short, affect the whole *Humane System* : Yet, as Mr. *Swell-gut* observes, the common *People* run into it, as it were by *Witchcraft*, and are so wedded to it, that they pawn their very *Cloaths* from their Backs for *Geneva* ; one Reason is, it is cheap, they can have

a Half-penny worth ; nay, in some Places a Farthings-worth ; and if it does but warm them, it is all they require, they regard not the Composition ; *wholesome* or *unwholesome*, is all one to them, a *Link-Boy* can treat his *Mistress* better with a ha'porth of *Gin*, than a Pint of *Beer* ; they call it *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth* ; and to shew their fondness for it, call it a thousand darling Names ; as *Bob*, *Titterum*, *Diddle*, *White-Tape*, *South-Sea Mountain*. Shall I go naked, *Strikefire* ? and so far am I of Mr. *Swell-gut*'s Opinion, that I could wish they would, drink it in less Quantities.

I cannot pass over Mr. *Swell-gut*'s Observation on *Petty-Brewers* ; they are a very pernicious set of People ; there is hardly an Ale-house keeper now, but is his own *Brewer*, and has upon his Sign *Home brew'd Ale*, *brew'd and sold here* : the *Brewers* will do well to look after these Gentlemen ; for their Liquors are certainly very unwholesome, they clog the Stomach ; and, as the Vulgar have it, lie in ones Head ; and are full as pernicious as *Geneva* its self : As to their defrauding the King of his Duty, and lessening the Excise, I know nothing of that Matter ; if the *Brewers* make it out, the Government will, no doubt, do 'em Justice.

Mr. *Scorch-gut*, he has in his own Defence, cry'd up *Geneva*, and depreciated *Malt-Liquor*, which is certainly much more wholesome

some especially if it be well Hopp'd and Boil'd, and not too Strong; it has many good Qualities, if not abu'd; and as *Hob* says in the *Country-Wake*, *It is main good for our English Constitutions*; and is certainly the best Liquor our common People can take to, being both chearing and nourishing, if drank in Moderation. What remains now, but we make the two *Antagonists* Friends, and that I conclude; submitting in all Respects, to the Sagacity of Mr. *Chairman*.

*Hum.* Mr. *Bolus*, my Service to you; Mr. *Swell-guts*, and Mr. *Scorch-guts*, I command you both to shake Hands immediately, on penalty of two Bottles each. Pray, Mr. *Funk* lend me your Tobacco-Stopper.

*Funk.* There sits *Sly-boots*, he han't spoke one Word all this Night; I dare lay any Man a Guinea, he repeats every Word that has been said.

*Bolus.* I have observ'd he has been upon the Watch all the while, he is a meer *Heiddegger*, he is almost as ugly, and has as great a Memory; I remember I read the Horse-Doctor's Speech to him but twice over, and he repeated it almost Word for Word.

*Funk.* Prithee, *Slyboots*, let's hear a touch of thy Skill.

*Sly.* No, Gentlemen, I think we have had enough of this already; but, if you please, I'll commit it to Writing, and bring it next Club-Night.

*Hum.*



*Hum.* Prithee do, I'd give a Guinea to see it in Print.

*Bolus.* And so would I.

*Funk.* You need not put your selves to that Charge; for, if Mr. *Slyboots* will but give himself the trouble to Pen it down, I'll engage that Mr. C----, my Printer, shall spend a couple of *Guineas* in a Treat, and thank him too; for I dare say such a thing will sell.

*Sly.* On that Condition, and for the good of the Company, I'll do my best.

*Hum.* Gentlemen, it is time to depart; here Drawer, take the Reckoning, there is six Pence, and two Papers of Tobacco for your self.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*P. S.* While these Sheets were working off, the following *Report* came to our *Hands*; which being so pertinent to this Occasion, we could not chuse but insert it.

#### ERRATA.

Page 13. line 14. for manifestly, read manifestly.  
P. 17. l. 23. for Swell, read Scorch.

The



*The REPORT of the Committee appointed to Enquire out the Number of Publick Shops that sell GENEVA in the Out-Parishes of London.*

*To His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, in their General Quarter Sessions assembled.*

**I**N pursuance of an Order made in the last Quarter Sessions held for this County, whereby it was referred to us, among others, to inquire into the Number of Houses and Places, within such Parts of this Town and County as are therein mentioned, where Geneva and other Strong-Waters are sold by Retail, and the Mischiefs occasioned thereby: We whose Names are subscribed, do hereby certify, That by the Returns of the High and Petty Constables, made upon their Oaths, it appears, there are within the

E

Weekly

Weekly Bills of Mortality, and such other Parts of this County, as are now by the Contiguity of Buildings become Part of this Town, (exclusive of London and Southwark) Six Thousand One Hundred and Eighty Seven Houses and Shops, wherein Geneva or other Strong-Waters are publicly sold by Retail. And altho' this Number is exceeding great, and far beyond all Proportion to the real Wants of the Inhabitants, (being in some Parishes every tenth House, in other every seventh, and in one of the largest, every fifth House) we have great Reason to believe, it is very short of the true Number, there being none returned but such who sell publicly in Shops or Houses, though 'tis known there are many others who sell by Retail even in the Streets and Highways, some on Baulks and Stalls set up for that purpose, and others in Wheelbarrows, who are not returned, and many more who sell privately in Garrets, Cellars, Back Rooms, and other Places, not publicly exposed to View, and which thereby escaped the Notice of our Officers; and yet there have been a considerable Number lately suppress'd, or obliged to leave off, by the Justices within their Parishes, though this has proved of no Effect, having only served to drive those who before were used to these Liquors, into greater Shops, which are now to be seen full of Poor People from Morning to Night. But in this Number of Six Thousand One Hundred and Eighty Seven, are included such Victuallers who sell Geneva or other Strong-Waters as well as Ale and Beer, though 'tis highly probable from the great and sudden Decay of the Brewing Trade, without any Diminution in the Number of Victuallers, that the Quantities of Strong-Waters now drank in Ale-houses, is vastly increased of late, beyond what was formerly usual: And it appears by the Constables Returns, where they are distinguished,



guished, that the Number of Geneva and other Strong Water Shops, are fully equal to the Number of Ale-houses, and rather exceed than otherwise.

It is with the deepest Concern your Committee observe the strong Inclination of the inferior sort of People to these destructive Liquors, and yet, as if that were not sufficient, all Arts are us'd to tempt and invite them. All Chandlers, many Tobacconists, and several who sell Fruit or Herbs in Stalls or Wheelbarrows, sell Geneva, and many inferior Tradesmen begin now to keep it in their Shops for their Customers, whereby it is scarce possible for Soldiers, Seamen, Servants, or others of their Rank, to go any where, without being drawn in, either by those who sell it, or by their Acquaintance they meet within the Streets, who generally begin with inviting them to a Dram, which is every where near at Hand, especially, where of all other Places it ought to be kept at the greatest Distance, near Churches, Work-houses, Stable-Yards, and Markets.

Your Committee, after having inform'd themselves as well as they were able, of the Numbers of these Houses, proceeded to enquire, according to your Directions, into the Mischiefs arising from them, and from the immoderate Use of these Liquors, and more especially Geneva, And these appear to be endless and innumerable, affecting not only particular Persons and Families, but also the Trade of the Nation, and the publick Welfare.

With Respect to particular Persons; it deprives them of their Money, Time, Health, and Understanding, weakens and enfeebles them to the last Degree, and yet, while under its immediate Influence, raises the most violent and outrageous Passions, renders them incapable of hard Labour, as well as indisposes them to it, ruins their Health, and destroys their

their Lives; besides the fatal Effects it has on their Morals and Religion. And among the Women, (who seem to be almost equally infected) it has this further Effect, by inflaming their Blood, and stupifying their Senses, to expose them an easy Prey to the Attacks of vicious Men; and yet many of them are so blind to these dismal Consequences, that they are often seen to give it to their youngest Children, even to such whom they carry in their Arms.

With Regard to their Families, this pernicious Liquor is still more fatal: Whilst the Husband, and perhaps his Wife also, are drinking and spending their Money in Geneva-Shops, their Children are starv'd and naked at Home, without Bread to eat or Clothes to put on, and either become a Burden to their Parishes, or being suffer'd to ramble about the Streets, are forced to beg while they are Children, and learn as they grow up to pilfer and steal; which your Committee conceive to be one of the chief Causes of the vast Encrease of Thieves and Pilferers of all Kinds, notwithstanding the great Numbers who have been transported by Virtue of the excellent Law made for that Purpose. Under this Head may also be added, the common Practice of pawning their own and Childrens Clothes (which exposes them to all the Extortions of Pawnbrokers) and their running in Debt, and cheating by all the Ways and Means they can devise, to get Money to spend in this destructive Liquor, which generally ends in the Husband's being thrown into a Jail, and his whole Family on the Parish. And this your Committee conceive to be one of the Principal Causes of the great Encrease of Beggars and Parish Poor, notwithstanding the high Wages now given to all Sorts of Workmen and Servants.

And

And lastly, With Regard to Trade, and the publick Welfare, the Consequences are yet more ruinous and destructive. It has been already observ'd, that the constant Use of Strong-Waters, and particularly of Geneva, never fails to produce an invincible Aversion to Work and Labour; this, by necessary Consequence, deprives us of great Numbers of useful Hands, which would otherwise be employ'd to the Advantage of the Publick. And as to those who yet do work sometimes, or follow any Employment, the Loss of their Time in frequent Tippling, the getting often drunk in the Morning, and the spending of their Money this Way, must very much cramp and streighten them, and so far diminish their Trade, and the Profit which would accrue from thence to the Publick, as well as to themselves. But it is further to be observ'd, that altho' the Retail Trade of Wine and Ale is generally confin'd to Vintners and Victuallers, this of Geneva is now sold, not only by Distillers and Geneva Shops, but by most other inferior Trades, particularly by all Chandlers, many Weavers, and several Tobacconists, Dyers, Carpenters, Gardiners, Barbers, Shoemakers, Labourers, and others, there being in the Hamlet of Bethnal-Green only, above 40 Weavers who sell this Liquor; and these and other Trades which make our Manufactures, generally employing many Journey-men and Artificers under them, who having always this Liquor ready at Hand, are easily tempted to drink freely of it, especially as they may drink the whole Week upon Score, and perhaps without minding how fast the Score rises upon them, whereby at the Week's End they find themselves without any Surplusage to carry home to their Families, which of Course must starve, or be thrown on the Parish. And as this Evil (wherein the Masters may perhaps find



find their own Account, by drawing back the greatest Part of their Workmens Wages) will naturally go on encreasing, and extend to most other Trades where Numbers of Workmen are employ'd, your Committee apprehended, it may (if not timely prevented) affect our Manufactures in the most sensible Manner, and be of the last Consequence to our Trade and Welfare.

Under this Head it may be proper also to take some Notice of the pernicious Influence, the permitting of Chandlers, and other inferior Trades to deal in this destructive Liquor, or any other Strong-Waters, has in this Town, on the Servants of the Nobility and Gentry, it being too common a Practice among Chandlers and others, where Servants are continually going on one Occasion or other, to tempt and press them to drink, and even to give them Drams of this Liquor, which we may reasonably suppose must be paid for by the Masters, either in the Price, Weight or Measure of the Goods they are sent for, and which besides the immediate Damage, encourages them to wrong their Masters in greater Matters, and as we conceive, may be one Cause of the great Complaints that are made against Servants.

And if we may judge what will happen in other Work-Houses now erecting, by what has already happen'd by that of St. Giles's in the Fields, we have Reason to fear, that the violent Fondness and Desire of this Liquor, which unaccountably possesses all our Poor; may prevent, in great Measure the good Effects propos'd by them, and which in all other Respects seem very hopeful and promising; it appearing by the Return from Holborn Division, wherein that Work-House is situate, that notwithstanding all the Care that has been taken, Geneva is clandestinely brought in among the Poor there,  
and

and that they will suffer any Punishment or Inconveniencies rather than live without it, tho' they cannot avoid seeing its fatal Effects by the Death of those amongst them, who had drank most freely of it; and it's found by Experience there, that those who use this Liquor, are not only the most lazy and unfit for Work, but also the most turbulent and ungovernable, and on that Account several of them have been turn'd out, and left to struggle with the greatest Wants abroad, which they submit to, rather than they will discover who brought in the Geneva to them, tho' they have been offer'd to be forgiven on that Condition.

Your Committee having thus laid before you the Numbers of the Houses and Places wherein Geneva and other Strong-Waters are sold, as also some of the many mischievous Effects derived from them, submit to the Consideration and Judgment of the Sessions, how far it is in their Power, and by what Means, to suppress this great Nuisance; or whether any, and what Application to Superiors may be proper in order to a more effectual Remedy. *Jan. 13. 1725.*

*John Milner,  
Isaac Tillard,  
Richard Thornhill,  
Thomas Pinder,  
John Mercer,  
William Cotesworth,  
John Ellis.*





